# NATVRES OVERTHROVV, AND DEATHS TRIVMPH.

## A SERMON PREACHED AT THE FVNERALL OF SIR IOHN SYDENHAM, Knight, at *Brimpton*, the 15. of *December*. 1625.


BY

*Humphry Sydenham* Mr. of *Arts*, and Fellow of WADHAM *Colledge* in OXFORD.


*Studeat quisque sic delicta corrigere vt post mortem non oporteat pœnam tolerare.*

*Augustin. lib. de verâ & falsa pœnitentiâ.*


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BRITISH MUSEUM

# TO MY MVCH RESPECTED KINSMAN, *Iohn Sydenham, Esquire,* This.

SIR;

Here is as well an *obedience* in matters of *desire*, as *command*, and with me a *request* hath euer been of larger authoritie than a *Mandate*. You were pleas'd (formerly) to importune me for a *transcript* of this *Sermon*; now, for

the *impreſsion* of it; I haue *obeyed* you in either; but I feare 'twill looſe ſome of the luſtre in the *peruſall*, which it found in the *deliuery*. I am not ſo happy a maſter of my *Pen*, as of my *tongue*, nor you (perchance) of your *eare*, as of your *eye*, *that*, ſome tinckling fancies may (at once) *take* and *delude*: *this*, is more ſubtle, and perſpicacious, and will not be gull'd with the barke and ſhell of things, but pierces the very kernell, and the marrow; 'Tis ſometimes with the *eare*, and *eye* of a Schollar, as with his *fancy*, and his *iudgement*; *the one* hath many a cheate put vpon it by weake impoſtures, which *the other* both *diſcouer's*, and *reiects*, and ſometimes (as

(as it doth here) *pittie's*. VVhat you ſhall meet with of vigour, and ſolidity, entertaine, cherriſh, *'tis yours*; yours firſt in the birth, and occaſion; now, in the protection, nouriſhment; what, more languiſhing, and abortiue, lay on the author, *'tis mine*, like me, I'le father it; Howeuer, 'twill implore your *charity*, the charitie of your faire *interpretation*, not of your *beneuolence*; which if yov ſhall vouchſafe, you haue *nobly rewarded* the endeauours of

Your affectionate kinſman,

HVM: SYDENHAM.

# NATVRES OVERTHROW, AND DEATHS TRIVMPH.

ECCLES. 12. 5.

*Man goeth to his long home, and the mourners walke about the ſtreets.*

MOrtality loue's no deſcant; your plaine ſong ſutes beſt with blacks, that which is grauly ſet to compunction, ſorrow, tun'd heauily, to ſighes, and lamentations. What ſhould warbling aires with darted boſomes, & vnbalmed hearts? what your quaint and youthfull raptures, when —*Mourners walke about the ſtreets?*

*ſtreets?* If *Zion* be wept for, *harpes muſt be hung vpon the willowes*; ſad obiects require furrowes in the cheeke, and riuers in the eie, and we then moſt honour the exequies of our friends, when we embalme the deceaſed with our teares. Away then with eares wanton'd to looſer Sonnets; offend not with vnchaſt attentions theſe hallowed anthemes, here's broken harmony; dirges as ſullen, as they are ſacred; panting and heart-broke elegies, ſuch as ſhould be rather groan'd, than ſung. Aske the *Preacher* (heere) and he will tell you. —*The daughters of Muſicke are brought low, and the yeares draw nigh when we ſhall ſay, we haue no pleaſure in them.* He ſtorie's of a *Sunne, and Moone, and Starres which are obſcur'd, and of clouds that returne not after raine*; as if the world were at her laſt pang, and gaſpe, and ready for her funerall. Behold! the *little world*, is —*The keepers of the houſe haue trembled, the ſtrong men bowed themſelues, the grinders ceaſed, and thoſe that looke out of the windowes, darkned; the Almond tree doth flouriſh, and the graſhopper is a burden, and deſire ſhall faile.* —*Becauſe*— *Man goeth to his long home, and mourners walke about the ſtreets.*—

Eccles. 12. 4. 1.

verſ. 2.

Verſ. 3.

3.

Without any racke, or violence to the words, they offer themſelues to this diuiſion. 1 the ſubiect, Man. 2 his condition, tranſitory condition, expreſt by way of pilgrimage—, —Goeth—. 3 the *non vltra*, or *terminus ad quem*, of this his pilgrimage—. To his home- enlarged with an epithet —*Long home*—. 4 the ſtate and ceremony, it there meets with.—*And the mourners walk about the ſtreets*—. Of theſe in their order: firſt of the ſubiect, Man.

*Diuiſion.*

*Pars* 1.

To dwell with circumſtances, and ouerſlip the maine, was euer an embleme of negligence, if not of weakeneſſe; each fabuliſt will tell you of a dog, and a ſhadow, and what they moral. He that iangles (meerly) about nominalls, where matters of realitie and ſubſtance fleet by, may ſpeake himſelfe a Grammarian or a Sophiſter, ſcarce a Diuine. Of the *name* of Man, its ſource, and pedegree,

Iliſt

I liſt not to diſcourſe; not an ignorance ſo vntaught, or vnderſtanding dull'd, but would foreſtall me, or ſhould I (by chance) meet with ſome intellectuals, ſo thin and tender, that could not (as it is a chance I ſhould) ſcarce an obiect but would be both your ſpokeſman, and remembrancer; yonder ſad ſpectacle, that earth, this ſtone would tell you —*Homo ab humo*, from the ground, *Adam ab Adamah*, from the earth, red earth, not that more ſolid part of it, but the brittleleſt duſt, ſo the curſe runnes, —*Duſt thou art, and to duſt thou ſhalt returne*—. In the *word* Man, in the various acceptation of the *word* Man, (wherein ſome ſyntagmaticall Diuines haue vnprofitably toil'd) Ile not curiouſly or impertinently trauaile, but without any figuratiue, or metaphoricall ſence, take it properly, and literally, as the Text giues it me, —*Man*— that is, a reaſonable liuing creature, or rather a reaſonable liuing ſoule, for ſo the Spirit of God Chriſtens it, —*The man was made a liuing ſoule*, *Gen.* 2.7. and the ſame *periphraſis* the Apoſtle vſes too, 1 *Cor.* 15. The firſt man *Adam* was made —εἰς ψυχὴν ζωσαν— *in animam viuentem* or *anima viuens*— —*A liuing ſoule*—*verſ.* the 45. yet in the 44 of the ſame Chapter, hee cals him, σωμα ψυχικον— *a liuing body*. Either cote he is iuſtly blazoned by, ſo we giue the difference, rationall, a difference ſo ſpecificall, and proper, that it diuides him from any other; for reaſon is an intellectiue power, peculiar to man onely, and not communicable to a ſecond creature; by which λογίζεται, or (as the Scholeman termes it) *diſcurrit*; out of one thing he deduces another, and orders this, by that, both in method and diſcretion. Hence it is called λόγος, and the worke or office of it, λογισμὸς, *diſcurſus*—*propter animæ celeritatem*—, for the volubilitie and nimblenetſe of the ſoule, by which it trauerſes & mopes from one obiect to another, from effects to cauſes, and backe againe from all things to euery thing, and from that (almoſt) to nothing. And as man was prerogatiued aboue others, in reſpect of perſpicacitie, ſo of Empire,

*Am. Pol. c. 35. Syntag.*

*Idem, vt ſupra.*

Fer. in Gen.

and dominion, for whereas in other passages of creation, we find a kind of commanding dialect, -with a -*fiat lux*, and a -*producat terra*-. *Let there be light, let the earth bring forth*, In that of *Adam*, words more particular, of deliberation, and aduice. —*Let vs make man*—, Man, a creature of those exquisite dimensions, for matter of body, of those supernaturall endowments, of soule, that now *omnipotencie* bethinkes it selfe, and will consult. The priuy Counsell of *Sonne*, and *Holy Ghost*, is required to the moulding and polishing of this glorious peece. *Angels* may *looke on*, and *wonder*; *touch*, or *assist*, they may not; no, not so much as to *temper* or *prepare the mettle*. Here is worke onely for *a Trinitie*. A taske for *Iehouah* himselfe, for *Iehouah Elohim*, the *Father*, *by the Son*, *in the power of the Spirit*. No doubt, somewhat of wonder was a proiecting, when a compleat *Deity*, was thus studying, it's perfection, somewhat, that should border vpon euerlastingnes, when the finger of God was so choicely industrious, and loe what is produced? *Man*, the master-peece of his designe and workmanship, the great miracle and monument of nature, not only for externall transcendencies, but the glory and pompe of inward faculties, stampt and engrauen to the image of his God, through the righteousnesse of an immortall soule; besides, a bodie so symmetriously composed as if nature had lost it selfe in the harmony of such a feature. *Man*, the abstract, and modell, and briefe story of the vniuerse, —the *vtriusque naturæ vinculum*—, the cabbonet and store-house of three liuing natures, sensuall, intellectuall, rationall, the Analysis, and resolution of the greater world into the lesse, the Epitome, and *compendium* of that huge tome, that great *Manuscript* and worke of nature, wherein are written the characters of Gods omnipotencie, and power, framing it, disposing it, all in it, to the vse and benefit of *man*, of *man*, especially, of *man*, wholly; other creatures paying him an awfull obedience, as a tribute, and homage, due to their

Gen. 1. 27.

Contra Philo.

Pur. Pilg.

Greg. Naz.

Beasts.
Angels.
Men.

their commander in all things, ſo neere kinne to Deity, that *Melanthon*, makes him a *terreſtriall tranſitory God*: having little to diuide him from a-*Numen*-, but that one part of him was *mortall*, and that not *created* ſo, but *occaſion'd*, miſerably occaſion'd, by *diſobedience*.

A little *forbidden fruit* (from the hand of a fraile creature) ſhall diſinherite it of an eternall priuiledge, and man is now thruſt out of the doores of his euerlaſting habitation for two pretty toyes, *an Apple, and a Woman*; howeuer *death hung not on the fruit*, (ſaith *Chryſoſtom*) *but the contempt*, which was not ſo *voluntary*, as *ſuggeſted*; fond man, that is thus cheated of an aſſurance of immortality, by a falſe perſwaſion that he ſhall be immortall, that -*eritis ſicut Dij*— hath dampt all; the Serpent perſwades him, —if he doe but *taſte*, hee ſhall be as *God*, when hee hath taſted, findes himſelfe worſe than *man*; a *worme* indeed, no *man*. Thus he is at once fool'd out of euerlaſtingnes, and the fauour of his Maker: the anger of the Lord is now ſore kindled, and his furie ſmoaks in a double curſe againſt him, and what he was framed of, *earth*; that which hath (hitherto) voluntarily preſented her fruitfulneſſe, in hearbes, and plants, and all things requiſite for his ſuſtenance; now, *vndreſt*, and not watered in the bubble and ſweat of an induſtrious brow, affords him nothing but *thornes*, and *thiſtles*; iuſt reward of diſobedience, *barrenneſſe*, and *death*. Lamentable felicity, which (at height) is but *conditionary*, & then *fatall*. There is no miſery ſo exquiſite, as the ſence of a loſt happineſſe. Calamity is ſupportable enough, where there is not felt, or ſeene, a more honourable condition; but, to be tumbled from a bliſſe we were ſometimes maſter of, is a punctuall wretchedneſſe. *Man*, but now on the pinacle and ſpire of all his glory, in a moment ſhamefully throwne from it, and with him, all poſterity. But loe, there is mercy euen in iuſtice, and life in the very ſentence and iaw of death. —*The ſeed of the woman ſhall breake the Serpents*

*head*—. She that was (ere-while) a chiefe inſtrument in his fall, ſhall be now a maine agent in his reſtauratiõ, not to that ſtate wherin he was created, but to that wherein he ſhall be glorified. The ſoule (through faith, and grace) ſhall ſtill be preſerued immortall, but the body muſt leſſen of it's primitiue condition, the ſoule as a Sunne that is eclips'd, or clouded, ſhall ſhine againe, the body, like ſome meteor, for a time exhal'd, falleth to the earth from whence it came; and as ſome mettals (laid for a ſpace in the boſome of the ground) grow more refined, and purified, ſo ſhall the body, *interr'd a naturall one, riſe a glorious.* In the *Interuallum*, as a puniſhment for tranſgreſſion, it ſhall reſolue into what it was made of, and it muſt *goe to its long home*, the graue; where wee haue now brought it, & would haue laid it in, but that the captious *hereticke* violently withſtands it, and thus he interpoſes. *If man returne into earth, as he is earth, then he was mortall before he ſinned, and ſo death ſeemes to be of nature, and not puniſhment.* —It is not anſwered by deniall, but diſtinction, and we muſt (here) criticke betweene *mortale*, *mortuum*, and *morti obnoxium*, *mortall*, *dead*, and *liable to death.* We call that *dead* which is actually depriued of *life*; *ſubiect to death*, what is within the fathome and command of *deaths power*, and tyranny for *ſinne*, though not *actually*, yet in *time*. *Mortall*, two wayes, either for that which by a *neceſſity* of nature *ought* to die, or for that which as the *merrit* and *reward* of *ſinne*, *can* die. The body of *Adam* (before ſinne) was of it ſelfe *mortale* (as mortall is taken in the laſt ſence) becauſe *mutabile*, and that is *mutable*, which of it ſelfe *can* ſuffer *change*, although it neuer *doe*, as the *good Angells*, and *God* onely is *immutable*, —*Per ſe, & natura* (as *Auguſtine* ſpeakes in his booke *de vera Relig. cap.* 13.) But the body of *Adam* was not *moriturũ*, *to die*, if he had not ſinned, but by a *glorious change*, without death, had beene tranſlated by God into an euerlaſting incorruptibility. It was *ſinne* then

that

that made man obnoxious to the ſtroks of death, not any *condition*, or *neceſſity* of *nature*, and therefore I know not whether I may call it an *errour* of the *Pelagian*, or a *blaſphemy*, who would haue *Adam* (had he not tranſgreſſed) die by the *law of nature*. Hence he might inferre, that death was not a *puniſhment for ſinne*, and ſo by conſequence, *Chriſt not died for it*; but wee finde this (by a Councell) long ſince doomed for an *hereſie*, & an heauy *Anathema* laid on the Patron of that tenent in *Concilio Mileuitano cap.* 1. and more particularly by *Auguſtine* in his firſt booke *de Peccatorum meritis & remiſſione cap.* 2. You ſee then that *death* and all *corporall defects*, were ſcourges following the diſobedience of the firſt man, not occaſioned by any impulſion or languiſhment of *nature*, and *Aquinas* will reaſon it thus, —*If a man for an offence be deprined of ſome benefit that is giuen him, the wanting of this benefit, is the puniſhment of that offence. To Adam in his ſtate of innocency there was this boone conferr'd from Heauen, that as long as his minde was ſubiect vnto God, the inferiour powers of the ſoule ſhould be obedient vnto reaſon, and the body vnto the ſoule. But, becauſe the minde of man (by ſinne) did recoile and ſtart backe from this diuine ſubiection, it followed, that thoſe inferiour powers alſo would not be totally ſubiect vnto reaſon; whence grew ſo great a rebellion of the carnall appetite, that the body (too) would not be totally ſubiect to the ſoule. Vpon this breach death enters, and all that pale band of diſeaſes, and corporall infirmities, for the incollumity and life of the body conſiſts in this, that it be ſubiect vnto the ſoule,* —*Sicut perfectibile ſuæ perfectioni*,— as the Schooleman ſpeakes, *as a thing perfectable to its perfection. On the other ſide, death and ſickneſſe, and languiſhments of body, haue reference to the defects of the true ſubiection of the body, to the ſoule. And therefore neceſſity of conſequence will induce, that, as the rebellion of the carnall appetite to the ſpirit, was a puniſhment of our firſt fathers ſinne, ſo, mortality, and all corporall*

*imperfections*

*imperfections too*, as the Schooleman punctually in his 2ª. 2æ. 164. *quæst*. 1. *Artic*. The curse then due to the lapse of our first Parents houers not ouer the *soule* onely, but, for it, the *body*; the *body* (before) in a blessed way of incorruptibility, but, not *of it selfe*, but *from the soule*, so *Augustine* tells his *Dioscorus*, —*Tam potenti naturâ Deus fecit animam, vt ex eius beatitudine, redundet in corpus, plenitudo sanitatis, & incorruptionis vigor*—in his 56 Epistle. His body then was not indissoluble by any vigor of immortality existing in it selfe, but there was (supernaturally) a power in the soule, diuinely giuen, by which man might preserue his body from all corruption, as long as it remained subiect vnto God. And the Schooleman hath good ground for it; for, seeing *the reasonable soule doth exceed the dimensions and proportion of corporall matter, it was conuenient, that, in the beginning, there should be a vertue giuen it, by which the body might be rescued from all infirmities, and conserued aboue the nature of that corporall matter*, as the same *Aquinas par*. 1. *quæst*. 97. *Art*. 1. The whole man then (mixt of body and soule) was in the creation in a glorious state of immortality, but it was with a —*Quodammodò*— (as *Augustine* tells vs, *de Genes. ad Lit. lib. 6. cap. 25.*) not absolutely, —*Ita vt non posset mori*, —but conditionally --*poterat non mori*--. It is true, he had a power not to dye, if he had not sinned; but it was a necessity he should die, when he had; otherwise God had beene as vniust to his promise, as hee was seuere in his command, for so the charge runnes, --*At that day thou eatest thereof thou shalt die the death*--. Hee hath eaten, therefore he must die--. But from whence commeth this death? from *God* or from *himselfe?* or *both?* originally from *neither*; not from *God*, he cannot be the cause of it, death being a *priuation* onely, hauing *name* (saith *Augustine*) but no *essence*; besides it is an *Omen*, and an *ill* to nature. Whatsoeuer God made, had an *essence*, was a *species*, *good*; the

Genes. 2.

Text

Text tells vs ſo, ſix times tells vs ſo, in one Chapter, *Geneſ.* 1. *God made the firmament, and it was good, Hee made the earth, and it was good; in a word, he ſaw all that he had made, --Et erant valde bona--* they were very good--. We may not thinke then that God therfore created man, that he ſhould die; or, becauſe death followed his diſobedience, God was the cauſe of it. Death may be an inſtrument of his iuſtice, not an effect of his producing. It is one thing to giue the ſentence of death, another to be the authour of it. Indeed *Auguſtine* ſayes (*lib.* 1. *Retract. cap.* 21.) that *death* (as *a puniſhment*) *hath reference to God*, not, as *an obliquity*; and the Schooleman is at hand too, with a diſtinction for a two-fold death, one, *as an ill of humane nature, or a defect incident from mans tranſgreſſiõ, that, he dares not lay on the Almighty*, the other, *as it hath ſome ſpecies or reſemblance of good, to wit, as it is a iuſt penance for his rebellion*, this he doth in his 2ª. 2æ. 164. *quaſt. Art.* 1.

Geneſ.1. *vlt.*

*Aquinas.*

As therefore in the creation of the world God is ſaid to *make light*, and to *ſeparate it from darkneſſe*, not to make darkneſſe, as if that were of it ſelfe ſome blinde maſſe and Chaos, and therefore God chid light out of it; ſo in the creation of man God is ſaid to *make life* (*God breathed into him the breath of life*) not death, nay he doth ſeparate that light from this darkneſſe, and doth chide life not out if it, but from it, with a—*Caue ne manducas*—take heed thou eat not, for if thou doſt, —*morte morieris*—thou ſhalt die the death. That therefore of the wiſe man will vindicate the Almighty from this miſpriſion, —*God made not death, neither hath he pleaſure in the corruption of the liuing, for he created all things, that they might haue their being, and the generations of the world were healthfull, & there was no poiſon of deſtruction in thẽ.*

Geneſ.1.

Wiſdome 1.13, 14.

The wombe then of this great plague of man the Apoſtle rips vp, —*When luſt hath conceiued, it bringeth forth ſinne, and ſinne when it is perfected,*

*bringeth forth death, Iam.* 1. 15. The birth then of ſinne is through a conception of luſt, and the ſtrength of death through a perfection of ſinne. Loe then the cauſe of this great calamity diſcouered! but how came that? *originally* from the *man*? no. How then? —*Through the enuie of the deuill came death into the world*, the 2. Chapter of the ſame booke, verſ. 24. And therefore Saint *Auguſtine* calls it, —*mors-à morſu*— from the biting of the Serpent. And our Sauiour tells vs, —*Ille homicida ab initio, Iohn* 8. —*He was a murderer from the beginning*; whence perceiuing man (by his then obedience) aduanc'd to that place from which he was headlong'd, now diſſolues, and breakes into ſecret enuie; this enuie wrought deceit, deceit concupiſcence, that, diſobedience, diſobedience, ſin, ſinne, death. So that the enuie of the deuill is the ſource and ſpring-head, deceit, the Conduit, concupiſcence, the pipe, the waters conueied in it, diſobedience, ſinne, the Channell or Ciſterne into which they fall, death. Tell *Adam* then of the forbidden fruit, he layes it on his wife, —*The woman gaue it me.* Aske the woman, ſhe puts it on a third, —*The Serpent ſeduced me*—. Aske the Serpent, there it ſtayes, and in ſtead of an anſwer, we finde a curſe, —*Becauſe thou haſt done this, vpon thy belly thou ſhalt creepe, and duſt thou ſhalt eat all the daies of thy life.* The man then all this while growes not obnoxious in reſpect of *ſeduction*, but *aſſent*, the woman of both; ſo the Apoſtle —*Adam was not deceiu'd*, —*ſed mulier in prænaricatione ſuâ*—*the woman being deceiu'd was in the tranſgreſſion*, 1 *Tim.* 2. 14. If God then aske *Adam* —*num comediſti? Haſt thou eaten of that tree of which I commanded thee thou ſhouldeſt not eat?* He anſwers not with a —*Mulier ſeduxit*, —*the woman hath ſeduced me*, but onely with a —*dedit*— *ſhe gaue me, and I did eat.* If hee aske *Euah*, —*Quid feciſti? Woman, what is this that thou haſt done?* ſhe as empty of any other euaſion, as of ſtrength, layes all on the ſhoulders of the ſeducer, —with a—*Serpens ſeduxit*

*Aug. in locum.*

Geneſ. 3.

*duxit me*,—*the Serpent ſeduced me*. God inquires no farther, but ſentences, —*I will put enmity betwixt her ſeed and thy ſeed, it ſhall breake thy head, and thou ſhalt bruiſe his heele*, as it is nimbly obſerued on the 2. booke of the Sentences, *diſtinct*. 22.

*Vt ſupra.*

*Egidius de Roma.*

Thus, with ſome bloud, and trauaile, I haue ſhewed you *man*, in his originall, height, fall; how created, in what glory thron'd, how ſuncke, what the ſinne, the occaſioner, the puniſhmēt; whence he was, what he is, whither hee muſt; earth, from earth, to it; thither hee ſhall without repriuall, the ſentence is paſt, the executioner ready, and hee muſt goe, for --*Man goeth*, that's my ſecond part, his tranſitory condition expreſſed by way of pilgrimage. *Goeth.*

## PARS II.

### *Man goeth*—.

RAre expreſſion of his frailty here, if it may not be more properly ſaid —*he is gone*, then that *hee goeth*. *Our daies* (ſaith the Kingly Prophet) *are gone euen as a tale that's told*, *Pſal.* 90. *A tale*, of no more length than certainty. Againe, they are *dayes*, not *yeeres*, as if our being (here) depended vpon moments, more than time, or if time, that which is preſent, not in future; *Daies* are enough, and *yeeres*, too much, or had we both, loe, they are *gone*, *gone* euen as a *tale that's told*, a *tale*, as momentary, as vaine. *Seneca* tells his *Polybius* onely of three parts of life anſwerable to thoſe of time, paſt, preſent, to come, *What we doe, God knowes is ſhort; what we ſhall doe, doubtfull; what we haue done, out of doubt*; ſo that our beſt peece of age is either tranſitory, or dubious; and where a wiſe man diſcouers either, he will at leaſt ſuſpect change, if not ſlight it. Pitch man at higheſt, ranke him

with *Kings, Prophets, Prieſts*; and wee ſhall there finde him on his hill of ice, whence hee doth not ſlip ſo properly, as tumble: one ſaies hee is *a ſhadow*, another *a ſmoake*, a third *a vapour*, braue reſemblances of his ſtation (here) and durability, when the beſt commendation we can beſtow on either, is --*they paſſe, or elſe they fade*,—As if it were a ſinne to ſay, *they Are, but they Haue beene*. The *Gracian* then ſcarce ſhot home to the frailty of man, when he calls him ἐφήμερον --*A creature of a day*,--he did, that nam'd him --*Heſternum*--*yeſterday*--, *We are but as yeſterday, and know nothing, Iob* 8. 9. Alaſſe poore man, no better than a watriſh Sunne betweene two ſwolne clouds, or a breathleſſe intermiſſion between two feuers, *miſery*, and *fate*. Loe how they kiſſe? *Man that is borne of a woman hath but a ſhort time to liue, and is full of miſery*: accurate calamity; in method, *borne, a ſhort time to liue, full of miſery*; and to make frailty compleat, the thing *Woman* is inſerted too.--*Man that is borne of a woman, &c.* *Dauid* was too prodigall in his ſimilitude, when he beat out the age of man to the dimenſions of *a ſpan*; an inch, a *punctum*, had beene bountifull enough, the leaſt Atome types out his glory here, his glory of life here, 'tis breath on ſteele, no ſooner on than off; Sunne-burnt ſtubble, at once flame, and aſhes. Wee are at a good key of happineſſe, when we can ſay --*we are tranſitory*--we haue ſcarce (ſometimes) ſo much life as to know we die, euen in the very threſhold and porch of life, death ſtrangles vs; as if there were but one doore of the Sepulchre, and the wombe; ſo that man is but a *liuing ghoſt, breathing duſt, death cloath'd in fleſh and bloud*.

*He goeth*, vaniſheth rather, vaniſheth like lightning, which is ſo ſudden, and ſo momentary, that wee more properly ſay we remember it, than that wee ſee it. How is't then, that life is ſometimes ſpunne to the *crimſon*, and ſometimes the *ſilver thread*, from the *Downe* and *tender wooll* in childhood, to the *Scarlet* in the manly cheeke,

and

and the *tinsell* and *snow* in old age? Indeed, the white head, and the wrinkled countenance, may reade you the Annals of threescore and ten, perchance calculate our life to a day longer; what is beyond is trouble, and so was that, and yet hath not this man liu'd long? *-diu fuit, non diu vixit-*, *Seneca* replies, *How canst thou say he hath sailed much, whom a cruell tempest takes immediately, as soone as he is of the Hauens mouth? and after many a churlish assault, of wind, and billow, much trauersing his way, wan'd, and surg'd to many a danger, he is at length driuen backe the same rode, but now he went out by? this man hath not sailed much, but hath beene much beaten.* And indeed we haue here but our *-tempestuosa interualla-*, 'tis not *life* truly, but *calamitie. A well glos's'd misery, gaudy vnhappinesse, glorious vanitie, a troubled Sea, tormented with continuall ebbes, and flowes; sometimes we are shipwracked, alwaies tos's't, and thus expos'd to daily blustrings, we finde no Hauen but in death.* Heereupon the Grecian call'd the first day of mans life, γένεσις πόνων ἄθλων, *-a beginning of conflicts-*; So that we shall meet with more troupes of sorrow, (heere) than we haue meanes either to resist, or to appease them.

*De breuit. vitæ cap. 3.*

*Idem Ibidem.*

*Considerest thou not* (saies that graue Philosopher) *what a kinde of life it is nature presents vs with, when shee would teares should be the first presages of our condition in this world?* How pretily *Augustine* embleames it in his tender infant, *—Nondum loquitur, & tamen Prophetat*, eryes are the first Rhetorick he vses, by which e're he can speake, he propheſies; and by a dumbe kinde of diuination, waile's out the story of mans sorrowes heere. And now his odours, sauours, lassitudes, watchings, humours, meats, drinks, repose, all things, without which he could not liue, are but the occasion of his death. And therefore that famous Romane, receiuing sudden tidings of the death of his onely Sonne, answered without distraction nobly. *—I knew when I begat him he should die—*, life being nothing else but a *iourne vnto death*, a *going to the*

*Seneca ad Lucil. Epist. 70.*

*long home.* It is a little part of it we liue, the whole course of our age, being not *life*, but *time* rather; wch we cannot recall being spent, or cause it for present, not to spend, but it treades by vs, without noise, and so swiftly, that it is here when we expect it comming, and gone by vs, when we thinke 'tis at vs. *Man goeth*—, Goes as some curious watch does, wound vp (perchance) for an houre, at most, for a day, and then, 'tis downe; which time, if it minute right, it is a rate peece; sometimes, by distemper, it runnes too fast, sometimes set backe, by the prouidence of the keeper, sometimes, againe, it beates slow, like a dying pulse, by and by, it stands still, as if the whole machine languished; anon some wheele's amisse, or a spring broken, and then we say it is not downe, but disordered, so disordered, that 'tis beyond our Art of rectifying, it must be left to the skill of the maker; who, to ioint it the better, sunders it, and to make it more firme, for a while destroyes it. The great Enginer and framer of the world, will haue it so done to our fleshly tabernacles, who by the *workmanship of* death, shall take the whole fabricke of the body into peeces, and for a time, lay it by in the graue, till against the great and appointed day, hee shall new wheele and ioint it, and set it more gloriously a *going*, by the vertue of the resurrection. So that man not onely *goeth*, (as I told you) but *is gone*, twise *gone*, dissould, by the frailty of the body, to the captiuitie of a graue, rebodied with the soule, to the honour of a resurrection. You see then, man is still in a place of fluctuation, not residence, and he is said to *soiourne* in it, not to *inhabit*. *We saile by our life my Lucilius*, (saies that Diuine Heathen, let no squemish eare cauill at the title, for it belongs to *Seneca.*) *And as in the Seas the shores and Cities flie; so in this swift course of time, wee first loose the sight of our childhood, and then of our youth, and at length discouer the straits of old age, at which whether we shall arriue, or no, it is doubtfull*; and *when we haue, dangerous.*

*Seneca Epist. 70. ad Lucilium.*

That

That late famous (but vnfortunate Hiſtorian) who had runne through all ages of man, and almoſt all conditions in them; ſpeakes heere not like a ſpeculatiue, but a practicke and experienced man, and reſembleth his ſeuen ages, to the ſeuen planets; whereof, our *Infancy* is compared vnto the *Moone*, wherein we ſeeme onely to liue, and to grow as plants doe. Our *ſecond age* to *Mercury*, in which we are tutor'd and brought vp in our firſt Alphabet and forme of diſcipline. Our *third age*, to *Venus*, the dayes of our loue, daliance, vanitie; *the fourth* to the *Sunne*, the ſhining, beautifull, glorious age of man. *The fift* to *Mars*, in which through fields of bloud, wee hew out a way to honour and victory, and wherein our thoughts trauaile to ambitious ends. *Our ſixth age* to *Iupiter*, wherein we begin to take a ſtrict calculation, and acco unt of our miſpent times, and bud, and ſprout vp to the perfections of our vnderſtandings. *The ſeuenth*, and laſt, *to Saturne*, wherein our dayes are ſullen, and ouercaſt, in which we finde by troden experience, and irrepairable loſſe, that our golden delights of youth, are now accompanied with vexation, ſorrow; our lackies and retinue, are but ſickneſſes, and variable infirmities, which whiſpering vnto vs our euerlaſting habitation, *and long home*, we at length paſſe vnto it, with many a thorny meditation, and perplexed thought, and at laſt by the induſtry of death, finiſh the ſorrowfull buſineſſe of a tranſitory life.

History of the world, lib. 1.

Seeing then our bodies are but *earthen cottages, houſes of duſt, & tenemẽts of clay*, the *anuils* wch diſeaſes & diſtempers daily hammer, & beat on; ſince our life *doth paſſe away as the trace of a cloud, and is diſperſed as a miſt driuen by the beames of the Sun, why doe we crowne our dayes with roſe buds? why do we fill our ſelues with voluptuouſnes, coſtly wines, and ointments? why ſay we not to rottenneſſe, thou art my father? to the worme, thou art my mother, and my ſiſter?* Why doe we pamper, and exalt this *iournieman of corruption?*

Wiſd. 2.

Iob 17. 14.

*tion?* this *drudge of frailtie?* this *slaue of death?* why doe we not remember the impriſonment of the ſoule? and that which *Cyprian* cals, *her gaole-deliuery?* why call we not our actions to the barre? arraigne them? checke them? ſentence them? why doe we not ſomething that may entitle vs to Religion, *while it is called to day? Foole, this night ſhall thy ſoule be taken from thee,* this houre (perchance) this minute, nay this *punctiſtitium* of it. *Who would not ſpeedily draw water out of a riuer, which he knew would not continue long in it's running?* Who would not ſuddenly extract ſomewhat from thoſe wholeſome fountaines which ſhould cheriſh and refreſh the thirſtie and barren ſoule? why doe we gaſpe, and pant, and breathe for a little aire, w^ch^ nature (for a time) fann's vpon vs, and takes off at her pleaſure in a moment? why ſteere we not with deſire to our *long home?* why prepare we not for our progreſſe, ſince we muſt needes thither? why cruſh we not this cockatrice in the egge, and ſo foreſtall the venome of that eye whoſe darting is ſo fatall? *Shall I beleeue* (ſaies *Seneca* to his *Lucillius*) *that fortune hath power in all things ouer him that liueth, and not ſuppoſe rather it can doe nothing to him that knoweth how to dye? 'Tis not good to liue, but to liue well; and therefore a wiſe man liueth as much as he ought, not as much as he can.* We ſee the frailty of others hourely brought vpon the Sceane, and how the daily traffique of diſeaſe with vs prompts vs our mortalitie. Thoſe glorious bulwarkes, and fortreſſes of the ſoule, are but ſanctuaries of weakeneſſe; languiſhing, crazie, and batter'd conſtitutions, but natures warning peeces, the watch-words of a fraile body, which keepe ſtrict Sentinell or'e the ſoule, leſt it ſteale from it, vnawares, and ſo the great enemie both inuade, and ruine it. How frequent euen amongſt *Pagans* haue been their —*memento mori's es*— ? and *a deathes head* (you know) was a chiefe diſh at an *Ægyptian feaſt*. So ſhould that (yonder) to euery recollected Chriſtian, but ſuch

*Seneca Epiſt. 7. ad Lucilium.*

*Mors.*

*Epiſt. 71.*

pre-

preſentes (as thoſe) haue beene of late no great dainties with vs, a ſeruice of euery day, almoſt of euery place (the whole land being little better than a Charnell-houſe) and we cannot but ſee it, and chew on't too, if we be not duſt already, and that flie in our eyes, and blind vs, and ſo the complaint of *Cyprian* whip vs home —*Nolumus agnoſcere, quod ignorare non poſſumus.*

Why ſhould then this ſad tole of mortalitie diſhearten vs? groanes, and ſighes, and conuulſions, are the bodies paſſing-bels, no leſſe cuſtomary, than naturall; and, more horrid in the circumſtance, than the thing. —*Pompa mortis magis terret quàm mors ipſa*—, the retinue and complement of death, ſpeake more terrour, than the act. The *Aduerſary*, *the Iudge*, *the ſentence*, *the Iailor*, *the executioner*, more daunt *the malefactor*, than the very *ſtroke*, and *cleft of diſſolution*. *Are we ſo fooliſh* (ſaies the good Heathen) *to thinke death a rocke which will daſh or ſplit vs in the whole; no, 'tis the Port which we ought one day to deſire, neuer to refuſe; into which (if any haue beene caſt in their younger yeares) they need repine no more than one which with a ſhort cut hath ended his Nauigation. For there are ſome whom ſlacker windes mocke, and detaine, and wearie with the gentle tediouſneſſe of a peaceable calme; others ſwifter wafted by ſudden guſts, whom life hath rather raniſh't thither, than ſent; which had they a time delai'd, by ſome flattering intermiſſions, yet at length, muſt of neceſſitie ſtrooke ſaile to't.* Some faint-hearted *Adrian* will (to his power) linger it, and fearefully expoſtulate with a parting ſoule, as if the diuorce from the body were euerlaſting, and there ſhould not be (one day) a more glorious contract; when an heroike *Cannius* ſhall rebuke the teares in his friends cheeke, and thus brauely encounter death, and him —*Why are you ſad? enquire you whether ſoules be immortall? I ſhall know preſently.* Braue reſolution, had it beene as Chriſtian-like, as 'twas bold.

*Seneca ad Lucil. Epiſt. 52.*

*Idem Ibidem.*

*Que nunc abibis in loca, pallidula, rigida, nudula?*

Againe, ſome effeminate *Rhodian* will rather languiſh

vnder the grindings of a tyrant, than ſacrifice the remainder of a famin'd body, to an honourable death; when a confident *Hilarion*, ſhall dare all thoſe grisly aſſaules, —*Soule get thee out, thou haſt ſeuentie yeares ſerued Chriſt, and art thou now loath to die?* Once more, ſome ſpruce *Agag*, or kem'd *Amalakite* would be palſie-ſtrooke with an —*amara mors*—, *Death is bitter, death is bitter*, 1 *Sam.* 15. 32. When a *Lubentius*, and a *Maximinus* haue their breaſt-plate on, with a —*Domine parati ſumus*—, *We are ready to lay of our laſt garments, the fleſh*—. And indeed (ſaith *Auguſtine*) *Boughes fall from trees, and ſtones out of buildings, and why ſhould it ſeeme ſtrange that mortals die?* Some haue welcom'd death, ſome met it in the way, ſome baffel'd it; in ſickneſſes, perſecution, torments. I inſtance not in that of *Baſil* to the *Arrianated Valens*, ('tis too light) that of *Vincentius* was more remarkeable, who with an vnabated conſtancy, thus ſtunn'd the rage of his mercileſſe executioner. —*Thou ſhalt ſee the Spirit of God ſtrengthen the tormented more, than the diuell can the hands of the tormenter.* And that you may know a true Martyrdome, is not daſh't either at the expectation, or the ſenſe of torture, a *Barlaam* will hold his hand ouer the very flame of the Altar, and ſport out the horridneſſe of ſuch a death with that of the *Pſalmiſt*. --*Thou haſt taught my hands to warre, and my fingers to battell.* Seeing then we are compaſs'd with ſuch a *cloud of witneſſes*, what ſhould ſcare a true Apoſtle from his --*Cupio diſſolui*--? Let vs take his reſolution, and his counſell too, --*lay aſide euery waight, and the ſinne that doth eaſily beſet vs, and let vs runne with patience the race that is ſet before vs*, *Heb.* 12. 1. There is no law ſo inuiolable, as this of *Nature*, that of the *Medes* and *Perſians* was but corrupt, to this —*Statutum eſt omnibus ſemel mori*— Euery true Chriſtian knowes it, and feares it not ſo much out of *opinion*, as *nature*; and why ſhould *nature* doe it, ſince 'tis call'd *our home, our long home*, whither 'tis as certaine

we

we shall goe, as doubtfull, when; and therefore I must now presse you with *Pauls Obsecro vos tanquàm aduenas*—, *I beseech you as strangers, and pilgrimes vpon earth*, looke not backe to the onions, and flesh pots here; put forward for your last habitations, know you must at length to them, there is no by-way to auoid them, for —*Man goeth to his long home*—, that's my third part, the —*terminus ad quem*—, of this his trauaile. —*His long home.*

## PARS. III.

### *His long home.*

LOng *home.* A periphrasis not of *death* so properly, as the *graue*, the *bed-chamber* of the body when 'tis dead; or rather, the bed it selfe (for so *Iob* stiles it) —*Thou hast made my bed ready for me in the darke*, deaths withdrawing roome, corruptions tyring house, natures Golgotha, her exchequer of rotten treasures, hid there till the day of doome, *Regia Serpentum*, (as the Sonne of *Syracke* call's it) *the randeuouz of creeping things, and beasts, and wormes, Ecclus* 10. and 11. *verse.*

Come hither then, thou darling of the world, thou great fauourite of flesh, and bloud; thou whose honours (here) are as blooming, as the Lillies, and roses in thy youthfull cheeke; know, *Image*, though thy *head* be of *gold* and thy *body* of *siluer*, *thy feet are* but *of clay*, and they will leade downe to this *chamber of death*, where thou maist behold the glory of thy ancestors, as *Augustine* did at *Rome*, that of *Cæsars* in his sepulchre. —*An eyelesse, cheekelesse, worme-gnawne visage*; nought but *rottennesse*, and *stench*, and *wormes*, and *bones*, and *dust*, and now —*Vbi Cæsaris præclarum corpus* (saies the Father) *vbi dignitiarum magnitudo? vbi caterua Baronum? vbi acies militum?*

*tum? vbi apparatus deliciarum? vbi thalamus pictus? vbi lectus Eburneus? vbi regalis thronus? vbi mutatoria vestimentorum? vbi magnificentia? vbi omnia? Sibi pariter defecerunt, quando defecit spiritus, & eum in sepulchro, trium brachiorum, reliquerunt eum fetore, & putredine*—, in his 48 Sermon, *ad fra resin aremb.* Crowne, and Scepter, and Robes, and Treasure, and Sword, and Speare, and Valour, and Youth, and Honour, and (what the world could not (but now) either water or containe) his body, trenche in a graue of six cubites, no more, there *Cæsar* lies in earthen fetters; and so shall all dissolued bodies too, till that fearefull arraignement at the great assises. In the meane time, the soule shall bee either wafted hence into *Abrahams* bosome, or else hurried to that caue of darkenesse, and euerlasting horror; no third place, to purge, and refine in, after death; no Romish trapdoore (through which a brib'd indulgence may presume to fetch it of at the pleasure of a cheating Consistory) but it hath heere —*suum Purgatorium*—, One of their Purgatory-mongers tells me so, nay tels a Cardinall so, and bids him pray with *Augustine*, —*Domine hic ure, hic seca, vt in æternum parcas.*

*Si saltem opus illud sit Augustini.*

*Cyprian. de 4. hom. nouissimis. Ser. 3. pag. 56.*

Thus you see, Man is now brought to his —*long home*—, his soule gone to it's place of rest; but wee may not yet interre the body; that we shall doe, anon; some ceremony remaines to be perform'd first; for loe, how the *Mourners walke about the streets?* That's my last part; the state, and ceremony man meetes with: in the consummation of his pilgrimage. —*The mourners walke, &c.*

## PARS IIII.

*The mourners, &c.*

THe triumph, and honour, death challenges in the solemne interment of the deceased, hath beene a ceremony no lesse venerable, than ancient. 'Twas almost 3000 yeares agoe, the *Mourners* (here) *walk't about the streets*; after them those of *Hadadrimmon, in the valley of Megiddo*, when all *Iudah* and *Ierusalem, mourned* for *Iosiah*, 2 *Chron.* 35. before both for *Iacob*, in *Goren Atad*, beyond *Iordan* — *where they mourned* (saith *Moses*) *with a great, and sore lamentation, Gen.* 50. 10. Such a pompe of sorrow as was a president to all posteritie; forty dayes the body was embalm'd, than threescore and ten more, mourned for, before the Funerall, seuen after; against the day of interment, all the tribes must be summon'd, their families, their allies, and their retinue; *onely their heards, and their little ones, left in Goshen.* I reade of no wife, or daughter absent, no tricke of Religion, or pretence of retired sorrow, to keep them of these publique exequies, to whine a dirge or requiem in a corner. No doubt they sadly followed the hearse euen to the sepulchre, thinking a teare wrung ouer a parting bed not halfe so emphaticall, as that which is dropt into the graue. Besides, *Ioseph himselfe must be sent for out of Ægypt*; no imploiment at court keepes him of these great solemnities, *but hee goe's vp to Canaan with all the seruants of Pharaoh, and all the Elders of his house, and all the Elders of the land of Ægypt, and all his brethren, and his fathers house, and his owne too; and they buried him* (saies the Text) *in the caue of the field Machpela, which Abraham bought of Ephron the Hittite, before Mamre, Gen.* 50. 13. And indeed, 'twas

*Demptis* 306. *Annis. Salomon enim vixit anno mundi* 2930. *Iosiah, Anno mundi.* 3324. *Iacob* 2108. *Chytræus in Chronol.*

a religious prouidence the old Patriarches had, in purchasing a possession place for their buriall, and posteritie (a long time) kept it vp, euen to superstition, thinking their bones neuer at rest, till they were laid *in the Sepulchre of their fathers*, which honourable way of interment, in these tympanous and swelling times of ours, (wherein we warre more about matters of title, than religion) were a good meanes to preserue our names from rottennesse; if our contention, and pride, and riot, haue left so much of a deuour'd inheritance as will serue the dimensions of a dead body.

Some noble mansions of the kingdome (heretofore) haue now, scarce, that happinesse. A greene turfe, or a weather-beaten stone, will couer that body, which (ere while) a whole Lordship could hardly cloathe; and that life which swome in Tissues, and Imbroideries, in death (scarce) findes a blacke *to mourne* for't about the *streets*. Sad Hearse that hath nothing to wait on't to the graue, but the ruines of a familie, nought to weepe ore't, but the blubbrings and languishments of a gentile bloud, farre more wounding & deplorable, than the conditiõ of some noble caitife, who rather than hee will allow death the least triumphs in his funeralls, will haue his treasure, honour, religion too (if he had any) earth'd vp together in his—*Long home:*—a ditch were fitter, and some vnnaturall, gouty-fisted heire would like it well; ours doth not, you see, the—*Mourners haue walkt about the street*—'Tis well, and an act no lesse of *dutie*, than *religion*; and those which haue beene zealous in't heretofore, haue worne the two rich Epithetes of *charitable, blessed,—Blessed are*
2 Sam. 2. 5. *ye of the Lord*, (saith *Dauid* to the men of *Iabesh Gilead*) *that you haue shew'd such charity to your master Saul, and buried him.* Buried him, is not enough, 'tis too naked and thin a ceremony, except these *Mourners* too *walkt about the streets*. *My Sonne* (saith *Tobit*) *when I die, burie me honestly*, Tob. 14. 10. And *Iaakob* (on his death-bed)

bed) coniur'd his Sonnes, to intetre him in a prescript solemnity, and therefore the Text saith, —*They buried him as they had sworn vnto their father*, Gen. 50. 6, 12. And indeed those —*Officia postremi muneris* (as *Augustine* calls them) those solemne rites, which wee strew on the funeralls of our deceased friend are no effect of courtesie, but debt, and from an able successour, no lesse expected, than requitted. —*My sonne* (saith *Syracides*) *powre thy teares ouer the dead, and neglect not their buriall*, Eccluſ. 38. 66.

And therefore those dispositions are little below barbarous, which snarle at a moderate sorrow, or decent interment of the dead, and had neuer so much learning, or at least so much charity, as to interpret that of the Apostle, —*Let all things be done decently, and in order*, 1 Cor. 14. Had not our Sauiour all the Cetemonies of this *Long home? the cleane linnen cloathes? the sweet ointments? the new Sepulchre?* these *Mourners* (too) *about the streets?* He then that in a wayward opinion shall disallow of either, may well deserue the honour of *Iehoiakims* funerall, which is not to be named without pitty, and some scorne, for the Text saith —*he was to be buried like an Asse*—. And, for my part, I wish him the happinesse of an *Anchoret*, his *Cell* be his *Church*, and he himselfe both *Priest* and *Graue-man*, not a teare to traile after him to his *long home*, nor a *Mourner -scene- about the streets*. Ier. 22. 19.

It hath beene a custome of some barbarous Nations (but in this not so despicable) to howle their dead to their long home; others dropt them in with a teare onely, no more—*In ignem posita est, fletur* (saith the Comicke.) That of the *Romanes* was too gaudy a sorrow, and comes well home to the excesse of pompe in the fate of great ones, now, who though in their life time haue slau'd themselues to the world by an ignoble retrait to obscurity, and miserable thrift, yet at their farewell, and

*Going*

*Going hence*, to giue the times a reliſh and taſte of their generouſneſſe, the - *Mourners ſhall walke about the ſtreets.* A monument muſt be built, a ſtatue rais'd, Eſcutcheons hung, for the embalming of his honour, whoſe name (ſometimes) deſerues more rottennelſe, than his carkaſſe.

That worth is canonicall, and ſtraight, which is inrol'd, and regiſtred in the impartiall hearts and memories of the people, not in a perfidious Tombe-ſtone, or periur'd Epitaph. A vertuous life is a mans beſt Pyramide.

Be thy actions vnblemiſh'd, ſquar'd outto Religion, vertue, *Euery heart's a Tombe, and euery tongue an Epitaph.* And thus ballac'd thou need'ſt not feare any flottings of the times, any moth or *gangrene* either on thy ſtate, or name; but when death *ſhall take downe thoſe rotten ſtickes wherewith thy earthly tent is compos'd*, thy gray haires ſhall go in peace to their long home, and the —*Mourners ſhall walke about the ſtreets.*

They haue walk't now, and done their deuoyer in their laſt way of ceremony. But where's the *bodie* I promis'd you to interre? ſure *ſome Diſciple ſtole't away by night*, and laid it in its *long home*, where it is now vnder the bondage of corruption. But there is ſomewhat left behinde which I would willingly preſerue from rottenneſſe, his name: to which, though I may lay ſome challenge in reſpect of bloud, little of acquaintance; that, being as great a ſtranger to me, as the paſſages of his life, or death; ſo what I ſhall ſpeake, is both *traditionary*, and *ſhort*, very *ſhort*, thus.

Hee was a man of more reſeruednelſe than expreſſion, both in his act, and word, and of the two, hee had rather doe courteſies, than profeſſe them. His outward deportment, and face of carriage (where not knowne) ſowre, and rough. In his paſſions (for which he

he hath ſuffer'd ſtrangely in the cenſures of the world) ſomewhat windy, & tempeſtuous, but ſuch as had authority onely from the tongue, not the heart, and as ſoone ore-blowne, as occaſion'd, nought elſe but a greene leafe in a flame, crack't, ſparkled, and ſo out. His rule of friendſhip the beſt, not popular, but choice, & there too, where it found truth, no gloſſe; there vnſhooke, nobly-conſtant, his, both in his heart, & in his purſe; not in his purſe, (as *Seneca* writes of *Sicilius*, *where nought could be extracted but an hundred vpon a hundred*) or as your *Hackney* Mynt-men for the moſt part doe, *ten vpon the ſame number*, but that trebled, many times, for nothing, as the clemency of ſome vnperſecuting ſcroles can teſtifie. His contribution, and beneuolence in way of almes, rather powr'd out, than giuen, as if pouerty had beene the obiect of his profuſeneſſe, not of his releeſe; yet that without froth of oſtentation, without reference to merit, on the grounds of a true charity. His Religion (wherein the world thought hee had wau'd and totter'd) vpon his accounts to God, and his inlargements and declarations to his friends, on his death-bed, faſt to the Church of *England*; which, (though in the laſt act) was beleager'd by ſome emaſculate ſuggeſtions, yet, bleſſed be the circumſpection of a carefull Sonne, it ſtood vnbatter'd, and in that loialty, and ſtrength, he penitently gaue vp his ſoule into the hands of his Redeemer.

And now hee is *gone*, let his imperfections follow, and the memory of them rot, and moulder with his body; hee had many, ſome preualent; and (good Lord) which of vs haue not in a large proportion! But they are our *earthy* and *duſty*, and *aſhy* part, ſo they were his; let them then be buried with him; ſhouell them into his graue; *earth to earth*, *aſhes to aſhes*, *duſt to duſt*; let them ſpring no more,

to the foyling and dishonour of his name, or our owne vncharitablenesse, but let his ashes rest in peace; for hee is now—*Gone to his long home, and the mourners haue walkt for him about the streets.*

*Gloria in excelsis Deo.*
Amen.

*FINIS.*

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